



Our Young Folks



The Dresden Prince

FRANK MURPHY

As the great clock struck 12 the little Dresden china Prince on the mantelpiece yawned and stretched out his arms. He had waited with unusual impatience for the clock to strike tonight, because there was something that he wanted to talk about. Now, the little Prince had stood there so long that he had grown very wise and was apt to let his friends have the benefit of his thoughts at night when the house was still. On reception days especially, when the ladies came in to gossip over their tea, he listened very attentively, and later would talk them over with the mice who crept out after dark.

"You'd think, to look at some of them, they were born to the purple," said the little Prince, "but know—I know, I am old and have seen many things. Oh, it makes me laugh!" And laugh he did, until he felt himself in danger of cracking. Then he stopped instantly, for he was very vain of his delicate beauty. He always stood sideways to the mirror, where he could see himself plainly, and he would have been very unhappy if he had had a piece broken out of his head like the little shepherdess in the cabinet opposite. He often spoke of it to his particular friend, the large gray mouse.

times. But, on the whole, his love affairs had left few scars until this very day, when, as he explained, he had met his fate. "Such golden hair," he murmured, "and to see her in the arms of that beast! It makes me ill to think of what might happen to her." "Be careful who you're calling beast," chirped out the canary bird. "I belong to her and am very fond of her. Besides, the creature you are so in love with is her doll. She has a right to have it in her arms." "Well," said the mouse, "I don't belong to her, and I hate her, too. She screams if I look at her. You like her because she feeds you. The way to your heart is through your bill. You don't do anything but eat." "Oh, yes, I do, too," said the canary bird, indignantly. "I can sing, and you can't." "Some of us can," protested the mouse. "I had an aunt on my father's side who sang so sweetly she was kept in a cage, and people used to sit very quiet to listen to her." "Bah!" said the canary bird with scorn, "she only wheezed, and it was a disease, anyway. Now, if you will stop talking a moment I'll give you a little thing of my own."

"Of course, not!" cried the canary bird, with a little giggle. "As a matter of fact, I was born and bred in a garret on Fourth Avenue. But nobody cares for truth. Your regard for truth will be your ruin, old man." "Ah, just what Pericles told me," sighed Socrates, "and it was!" "All the time you're talking!" cried the little Prince in an agonized tone. "My Princess is exposed to untold dangers. I've thought of nothing else since dinner but how to get her here. Oh, please, some one suggest a plan!" "I've thought of a way!" cried the mouse, suddenly. "You know I have a band of trusty fellows who work under me, and I know just where she is." "Oh, if you could with safety!" exclaimed the Prince. "I should not feel the same if she arrived without an eye or with a broken leg!" "But, my Prince," said the mouse, "if the lady is injured in seeking you surely she will deserve your sympathy." "I have my own feelings to consider, not hers," replied the Prince, testily. The mouse bowed, and scampering away, was presently heard calling shrilly to his company behind the wainscoting. From all parts of the house they came running, for mice like nothing so much as adventure.

freely. "My mistress took off all my beautiful things and locked them in a bureau drawer. She's holding me in her big, fat hand, and oh, dear! I'm so hot and sticky!" "At that moment, by good luck, the fat hand opened and outdropped the little Princess. The mice rushed to the rescue and lifted the princess to her feet, turning their heads away in a most gentlemanly manner, so as not to appear to notice that the Princess' body was made of pink muslin. "And I thought," said the mouse, "that the wax went all the way. Dear me, it is distressing, but, after all, it's the Prince's business, not mine." "I wish," sighed the Princess, as she stood on her feet once more. "I wish I had on my pretty clothes." "Never mind," said the mouse, "it's you the Prince wants, not your clothes." Everything being arranged, they started on their downward journey. But because of their haste the poor little Princess had a sorry time of it. Sometimes she came down with a crash. Dust gathered thickly in her sweeping curls and obscured the brightness of her rosy cheeks. A pair of sharp little teeth were set too firmly in her side as they rounded a difficult corner, and with a shriek of despair she felt a warm gush of sawdust. "Oh, come to me, my adored!" returned the Princess in a weak voice, trying to get her hair out of her eyes. But the canary bird was staggering

JACK'S SIGN PUZZLE No. 2.

Mr Doyle.
Buttermilk for sale by
the glass and cheap.



Here is Jack's sign puzzle No. 2 for the boys and girls to solve. Jack's father is in the sign business. He often brings home the enamel letters, of which signs are to be made. Jack does not know what the signs are to be, but he likes to take the letters and puzzle out for himself. The signs that he makes in this way are not the correct ones. We want you to take them apart and put them together so as to make the real sign which Jack's father is going to put up. Here is an example in the puzzle published last week. The sign that Jack made up from the letters was: "Never to late too mend yer clocks and gas meters. Ce dan Jones." The correct solution of the sign puzzle was: "B. A. Jones, Crockery and Glass Cemented. Never Too Late to Mend." You see Jack was wrong, although his solution was very clever. It will help you in solving this week's puzzle to know that the name in the correct sign will be H. P. Doyle.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

By W. S. WALLACE.

Some of you may have seen that wonderful and beautiful sight, the lights in the wild salt sea. I don't mean the moonlight dancing on the waves, nor the reflected lights of stars, nor of cities on the shore. But the real sea lights, the lights of the deep. These lights, which, as a fish breaks through the surface of the water or a boat's prow pushing aside the green billows, falls in "hoary flakes" on either side. Now, of course, you wish to know why, for water generally puts fire out. But this sea flame has no heat and does not burn, but merely glows, as does the firefly in the grass. Almost without exception the creatures which live in the sea, especially those that are at home a mile or so beneath the passing steamer, are provided with a mysterious substance similar to the "phosphorus" on a blue match that shines when rubbed in the dark. Fishes, jellyfishes and starfishes, sea anemones and those strange creatures I am about to describe all glow and send out waves of light that linger and float through the dark abyss of the ocean. Sometimes very faint, sometimes strong, but always beautiful.

Sea pens and sea fans, which are called "gorgonias," are often displayed in drug store windows, and the ships that unload their fishes at the markets bring these curious growths to shore, where they are sold as ornaments for mantels. The sea pen is found alive only on the bottom of the sea, where in the everlasting darkness it glows with the most gorgeous color, purple or blue or red. These curious "pens," which no one could possibly describe as writing instruments, are related to the coral animals which build the stony coral sold in stores in the form of beads, necklaces, etc. The sea pens and sea fans have a coral center, like the hard, round when you remove the bark. Around this core is a soft substance, and here the little animals themselves are found, each looking like a tiny white or red daisy, with a circle of petal-like tentacles.

The sea fans are nets of these branching coral-like skeletons, each branch surrounded by the little animals. The sea fans glow as brightly as do the sea pens, as if for the purpose of lighting the submarine highways over which innumerable fishes pass to and fro. The corals themselves also have the power of light. Among these splendid plant animals are the deep crawl glowing worms, of a dull white color or a brilliant red, crabs whose eyes shine like two sparks, and many other light-giving animals. And over their waving tentacles float hundreds of animals closely resembling pretty glass vases, but no vase of glass even glowed as they do. What are they? They are "cetenophores," which means "comb vases." Now, if we could catch and examine one of them we should see why that name is given them. Their shape is that of a thimble, with the mouth turned downward. They are of all colors and as transparent as a thin glass. No vase can compare with these, that are never empty, always in motion and of all colors of the rainbow—rose red, violet, blue, and indigo. Down the outside of these strange floating animals extend fine tentacles, each ribbon-like band closely attached to the skin, and on these bands are hundreds of little waving plates—the combs—from which the animal is named. These "combs" are not the only interesting part of a comb vase, for there are the tentacles, or arms, which entangle the food. When some of these comb vases are thrown ashore and float in a tide pool they are so astonishingly transparent that, though there are hundreds in the pool, you can see nothing there until you get close to the water and look below the shimmering surface! Then they appear like tiny ghosts, so ethereal that a motion of the hand in the water tears them to fragments.

Other lights of the deep sea are the "sea squirts," beautiful creatures, which shine like lamps. They resemble irregular bottles with two necks and two openings. At one of these openings the water passes in and at the other it passes out. Then there are the fireflies of the sea. They have a very hard name, which means wing-footed or wing-armed ani-

The Copper Company, Ltd.

By JOHN W. HARRINGTON.

As the Copper Company, Limited, had its own press, it was able to publish many interesting things concerning itself. Its fathers and mothers said that, while it was all very well for boys to amuse themselves, it was too bad that the operations of the company caused so many wet shoes and stockings. John C. Hadden, aged ten years, was the president, and William Alden, two years older, was secretary and treasurer. The office of the company was in the basement of the Hadden house, where there was a printing press which could print anything which was less than six by eight inches. "It seems to me," said the president to the treasurer, "that we ought to send some circulars to New York. If we could only tell the people there about our copper company we would be rich in less time than it takes to tell it." So it happened that the Copper Company, Limited, printed a circular which read like this:

TERMS.
Plating fruit cans....five cents
Plating tea kettles....eight cents
Washboilers.....seventeen cents
Nota Bene—Come early and avoid the rush.
With the aid of a dollar's worth of stamps 100 of the circulars were sent through the mails bearing the names of John Clendennin Hadden, president, and William Alden, secretary and treasurer. In a few days several persons came to the house of Mr. Hadden with cups and pans and fruit cans. "See here," said the father of John Clendennin Hadden, "what are you boys doing back there in the pasture lot? I am tired of seeing you waiting about in that little creek, and here you are having all kinds of persons coming to the house bringing pots and cans. What does it all mean?" The youngsters said that they were plating tin cans, and Mr. Hadden, being a busy man, said that he did not believe in putting cans in the creek. Anyway, he did not care very much for the creek, as he had to place a fence about it to keep the cows from drinking the water, because it tasted so bad. Not long after that a man drove up to the house in a buggy and asked if he

might see the works of the Copper Company, Limited. "My dear sir," said Mr. Hadden, "I am sorry that you should have come here on such an errand." "I should like to look at this creek," said the man. He went out and watched the boys plating cans in the water. "How long do you let them stay there," he asked, "before you take them out?" "Not very long," answered the president. "We just keep them there until the copper gets on them." "And the copper," asked the man, "where do you get that?" "That's in the water," was the reply. "When you leave things in the water the copper comes out of the water and sticks to the pan, or the kettle, or whatever it is." The man spent all day looking around the farm, digging and prodding, and at last he said he would like to have a long talk with Mr. Hadden. "If you care to sell your farm," he said, "I can give you a good price for it." "I do not wish to sell," replied the father of the president of the Copper Company, Limited. The man offered more money, and at last he reached such a big sum that Mr. Hadden said he must think it over. The more he thought about it the more eager the man became. Then another man came and asked to look at the works of the Copper Company, Limited; and the result was that at last the farm was sold for more money than anybody had ever supposed it was worth. This was how it happened that one of the richest copper mines in the West was found, for not far from the creek was a vein of pure copper. The president and treasurer of the Copper Company, Limited, are now in college. In the new house which Mr. Hadden bought—and it is a very fine one—is a circular in a gilt frame. It begins "To the public" and ends with "N. B."

"TAKE HER AWAY!" SHRIEKED THE PRINCE.

"If anything happens to me," he said, plaintively, "I wish you would turn me around so I can't see myself; I could not bear it." "The chances are," cried the little shepherdess, "they'll put you in this cabinet, as they did me. I used to stand on the mantelpiece until the children took me to play with and broke me." "Little beast!" cried the Prince, grinding his china teeth with rage. "I do not see what they were made for except to eat up sweet things." "And they are not needed for that especially," said the mouse, "because I can do that perfectly well." Time had passed so far very pleasantly for the little Prince. He was always carefully handled while being dusted, and, although it frightened him a great deal, yet he came through it safely, and after looking in the glass to see if he was all right, he would settle down contentedly for the rest of the day. "I sometimes wish," he said to the bronze bust of Socrates that stood in the corner, "that I was also made of bronze, and then I would not be so afraid of being broken; still, you must be very lonely over there in the dark behind the door." "Ah! well," said Socrates, "it's restful! It will take a great many years to rest me after the life I led. I got such a fright the other day when that young artist said he'd have to model a bust of Xantippe for a companion to me, I nearly fell off my pedestal." "But," said the Prince, "that was absurd, since he had no means of knowing what she looked like." "Oh, pooh!" answered Socrates, "that makes no difference. They stick features together and call them by any name they choose. Who is to know? I didn't look a bit like this, and I'm sure Lord Byron did not in the least resemble that," and he nodded heavily toward the bust in the opposite corner. "Did you, my lord?" "I don't care a straw," said Byron, crossly, for the fact was, his bust was very handsome, and he was unwilling to acknowledge it did not look like him. "As long as they had the decency to leave my feet off, they can do what they please with my face."

THE CANARY BIRD'S SONG.
"I'll sing you a song of a land of delight.
Where the flowers that bloom are the brightest on earth;
Where in tremulous splendor the stars shine at night,
'Tis the home of my kindred, the land of my birth."
"Oh! Isle of Enchantment, where, faint with perfume,
The roses bend down to the murmuring stream,
Where palm branches wave and the citron trees bloom,
And life passes by like a midsummer's dream."
"Little they think, who imprison me here,
How I long for my kindred and home to depart;
Or know that the songs which enrapture the ear
Are simply the walls of a bird's broken heart."
"Now, how do you like that?" asked the canary bird.
"Reminds me of old Tom Moore," said Byron.
"It's well enough, it's very well," said Socrates, "but is it true?"

The captain looked them over carefully, and after selecting six of the most reliable they started directly on their journey. It was thought best that they should go by a secret way, between the walls, as being shorter, the night being now pretty well spent and daylight at hand. They toiled on until at last a glimmer of light showed them where the hole was situated through which they proposed entering the nursery. "Halt!" suddenly cried the captain. "I'll go in first and see if any danger lurks about in the shape of a cat. Above all, if there is a smell of toasted cheese in the air not one must go to look at it." "We hear and obey," cried the mice with one voice, and the captain presently returned, and pronouncing the coast clear, they crept in through the hole, and found themselves in the room in which the doll's mistress slept. "Little Princess, where are you?" whispered the captain, softly. "Oh! Who spoke?" cried a small voice from the bed. "Tis I, Captain Mouse," exclaimed the captain in a military manner, "and I have come to release you and take you to my prince, who dies of love for you."

"I'm in a most uncomfortable position," exclaimed the little princess, "freely. "My mistress took off all my beautiful things and locked them in a bureau drawer. She's holding me in her big, fat hand, and oh, dear! I'm so hot and sticky!" "At that moment, by good luck, the fat hand opened and outdropped the little Princess. The mice rushed to the rescue and lifted the princess to her feet, turning their heads away in a most gentlemanly manner, so as not to appear to notice that the Princess' body was made of pink muslin. "And I thought," said the mouse, "that the wax went all the way. Dear me, it is distressing, but, after all, it's the Prince's business, not mine." "I wish," sighed the Princess, as she stood on her feet once more. "I wish I had on my pretty clothes." "Never mind," said the mouse, "it's you the Prince wants, not your clothes." Everything being arranged, they started on their downward journey. But because of their haste the poor little Princess had a sorry time of it. Sometimes she came down with a crash. Dust gathered thickly in her sweeping curls and obscured the brightness of her rosy cheeks. A pair of sharp little teeth were set too firmly in her side as they rounded a difficult corner, and with a shriek of despair she felt a warm gush of sawdust. "Oh, come to me, my adored!" returned the Princess in a weak voice, trying to get her hair out of her eyes. But the canary bird was staggering



LIGHTS OF THE SEA.